

A Philaethes 52
1476. 66. 35
1-2

LETTER

TO THE
REVEREND MASTER
OF
TRINITY-COLLEGE
IN
CAMBRIDGE,

EDITOR of a
New GREEK and LATIN Testament.

Tollentémq; minas & sibila colla tumentem

Dejice—

Ah Timon, Timon, quæ te dementia cepit?

Ah, quæ te mala mens, miselle Timon?

Tûne TUIS telis moriere!

Ne sævi, magne sacerdos.

Nihil est, Zoile, quin malè EDENDO possit depravarier.

Ὅς μὲν ἐπίσῃτο πολλὰ, κακῶς δὲ ἠπίσῃτο πάντα.

Et si non aliqua nocuisset, mortuus esset.

—æstuat ingens

Uno in corde odium mixtôq; insania fastu,

Et furiis agitated amor sceleratus habendi.

Answer to the Remarks by J. E. p. 1, 12, 16, 24,
26, 28, 39.

L O N D O N:

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LETTER

TO THE

REVEREND MASTER

OF

TRINITY-COLLEGE

IN

CAMBRIDGE

UNIVERSITY

New Greek and Latin Testament

By the Rev. John Henry Newman

Author of the Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine

and of many other works

London: Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, 1871

Price 10s. 6d.

Of the late Rev. J. H. Newman, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge

and of the University of Oxford

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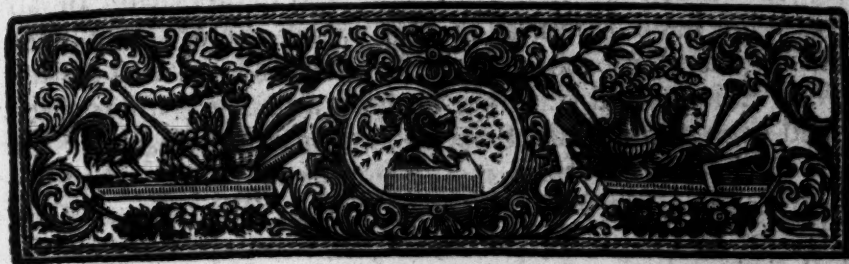
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A
LETTER
TO THE
REVEREND MASTER
OF
TRINITY-COLLEGE, &c.

REVEREND SIR,



WITH the Regard due to the Character of a Clergyman, and Title of Master, which your University could not deprive you of, as it has of all your Degrees and Professorship; I crave leave to submit the following Discourse to yours or the World's impartial Judgment.

I begin with a few Observations on your Proposals and Specimen.

A 2

First,

First, The Stile and Language, in which they are deliver'd, favours too much of Self-Opinion; and depreciating of all others, who have labour'd in this work before you, not without a general approbation of all learned Men: and admitting your Edition will certainly be such a one as you propose; yet it had been more prudent, not to anticipate the Praises of the Publick by bestowing upon it the pompous Names of *νεμύλιον*, *κτίμα ισραήλ*, *Charter*, *Magna Charta*. The proper Task of an Editor in Proposals, is to offer, not to applaud what he designs: it becomes none to be his own Panegyrist. The former Editors made the best use of their Manuscripts; how many new ones you have purchased, you don't yet think fit to inform us. But I can't wish you better, than that you follow the great Diligence and Accuracy of so many learned Predecessors no way inferiors to you: and then we may hope, that by treading in their steps, and by having over them the advantage of more ancient Manuscripts, your New Testament may at last come out worthy of your Name.

I am glad, Sir, to meet with any opportunity of commending what good Qualities you have; and can't therefore but take notice of a rare instance of Self-denial, in subscribing your self plain *Richardus Bentleius*; which piece of Modesty is the more to be admired in you, who are seldom backward in claiming whatever you think to belong to you.

Secondly, Whatever is quoted from an Author, especially if it be some main Foundation of any whole Design, ought to be express'd in the very Words and allowed Terms of the Author himself without the least Alteration. And if those Words are thought by the Editor to want any Interpretation or mending, he may afterwards explain, what Sense he taketh them in, or how he judgeth they may be read better. Therefore, Reverend Sir, without spending five pages, as your sharp Antagonist does, or twelve, as your loud-mouth'd Champion, to fix the Sense of St. Hierom's Passage; I venture to affirm, that you have dealt very unfairly with your Readers, when out of seven words you have (without giving any Reason) changed one and left out another. The required Fidelity of an Editor is altogether inconsistent with such an unbounded Liberty.

Thirdly, None can deny, that every Specimen should be as correct as the Editor is able to make it; wanting nothing which can shew in a little what we are to expect in the whole.

We

We have therefore reason, Master, to be much offended with your Specimen, loaded (as it is) with several scores of false Accents, Spirits, Words, Syntax: The more because, considering those signal Talents you have in Critical Learning, it had been very easie, and no great loss of your precious Time, to have, out of mere Civility to your Readers, bestowed half an hour more in revising either your Copy, or the Proof, or both. In some places of that Specimen you vary from all Editions, without justifying (as you promised) the Variation. I shall not now question your Authority for your Variation; but it had been much more satisfactory to your Readers, if you had added it. They have a just right to demand of you, what you promised; when there was room enough in your Specimen for it. By your Specimen, I perceive you have made the Text of that Chapter entirely new; flinging out into the crowd of various Readings, what most authentick Editions have received into the Text. I guess (as I have reason to do by undeniable inference from the Specimen to the whole Work) that you'll use the same method throughout all the Testament. I have nothing to object against it, if in this you exactly follow the uniform Plan of any one of your Manuscripts. But if upon your own bare Decision and the mixt Authority of various Manuscripts and Writers you patch up together this new Text; I leave it to the determination of the pious, learned and judicious Readers, whether it were not more adviseable, at least less assuming, to keep untouched the Text hitherto received by the whole Christian Church; and insert in the various Lectons, what new Discoveries you have made, together with your Judgment upon them. Might not this, I say, appear more modest, meet with less offence, and serve as effectually all your intended reasonable ends in this Edition, as what you set forth in this Specimen; more like a Cento, than an Edition of the New Testament?

I have done, Master, with my Observations on your Proposals and Specimen; wherein I think I have advanced nothing but plain Truth and Fact. I have kept within the bounds of good Manners; and used no hard Words or Expressions unbecoming your Title and Character. I have no spleen against your Person, nor envy you any thing you are Master of; and shall be glad to see and enjoy, whatever you are able to publish towards the advancement of Religion and Learning.

I pro-

I proceed now to your Antagonist and Champion.

First, For your Antagonist. He has not thought proper to make himself known by any other Characteristick than that of a *Member of the University of Cambridge*. As he disavows all *personal Spleen or Envy to you*; so I can discover but very few severe Reflections, and those drawn only from, and occasioned by, your Proposals and his Remarks upon them. He never sinks into downright Scurrility and disingenuous Porter-like Language.

He bestows no other Names on you but these [the *Author, Undertaker, Editor, Critick, Proposer*, p. 5, 3, 4, 6.] none of which are below the highest of your Dignities.

He indeed charges you with *bold Attempts*, p. 3, 24. *Injustice and Barbarity*, p. 5, 6. *Ungratefulness*, p. 6. *Notions absurd and impossible*, p. 10. *silly Fancy, groundless and ridiculous*, p. 10, 13, 24. *Aptness to wrest and force the Text to your Hypothesis, and Ignorance of the true State of the Question*, p. 11. *Contradiction to your self and common Sense*, p. 14. *slovenly and suspicious way of quoting Manuscripts*, p. 15. *Insolence more than Popish*, p. 18. *acting the Plagiary rather than the Critick; Inaccuracy, Vanity, Pedantry and Blunder*, pag. 24. *Insincerity and Design of imposing upon the Senses of Mankind*, p. 14. I pretend not to excuse every one of these Charges, as civil; but yet none of them comes up to your raving Champion's dirty Invectives. Tho' he is often very severe, yet he does not go out of his way to fetch any Reflections; they are all of them deduced from such Arguments as he forms against you.

Yet I can't forbear calling him to an account for the following Reflections.

Page 3. *He has neither Talents nor Materials proper for the Work he has undertaken; and Religion is much more likely to receive Detriment than Service from it; and the Time, Manner, and other Circumstances of publishing these Proposals make it but too evident, that they were hysen'd out to serve quite different Ends than those of common Christianity.*

As to your *Talents* and what they are proper for; the World knows you too well. As to *Materials*; why shan't we take your Word, that you have *Manuscripts above a thousand Years old*; and pray to God, by whose *Providence* they became accessible to, and were hitherto reserved for, you alone, that you make a good Use of them?

What

What *Detriment* can Religion receive from your Work? For, when it is done, I mightily question, whether the whole Body of Christian Churches will embrace it as their *Magna Charta*. People will subscribe to it for the sake of the Novelty; but I doubt whether and how far it will influence every body's Judgment.

Your Censor should have particulariz'd those *different Ends*; and not to have expos'd you to the merciless Gueſſes of some, who assign very scurvy ones.

The Haste you was in, is finely described in that bright Paragraph of your Champion's Answer, p. 19. *Proposals being drawn up in haste, in one Evening by Candle-light, and printed the next day from that first and sole Draught, which Haste likewise hindred him from revising the Sheet, and so left several false Accents and Points* (your Friend is in Haste too, for he mentions nothing of false Latin in abundance) *in the Specimen it self; he consulted not St. Hierom, but cited the Passage by Memory.* Ah! Master, what a recommendation had it been to your Proposals, to have born in the front the Picture of the Great Bentley, drawn in a Night-piece, hurrying his Specimen to the Press; the whole lively express'd by the hand of the immortal Kneller? What a Memory! What signify Accents and Points, when you might have left them out, and lost the less Time in obliging the World with such a noble Specimen? Let plodding sorry Fellows, homunculi, (Answer, p. 16.) go slowly and heavily on in the vulgar beaten road, and throw away their worthless hours in Accuracy and Correction of their Proofs. They must do't to get a Name, if they can. You have establish'd yours to all Ages. You needed not have troubled your self with more than this single Laconism, *Novum Testamentum Græci Textus* (thus I would read it for Uniformity-sake) & *vulgate versionis* EDIDIT (since with you *dictum factum*) RICHARDUS BENTLEIUS. 'Tis a great Condescension in you to the mean capacities of all your Readers, to have extended your Proposals and Specimen to four Pages, tho' never so incorrect.

Page 4. *Novum Testamentum versionis vulgatæ*---little better than a Barbarism---Not such Latin as we expect from a Critick. Can't you here, Master, save your Credit, and pretend 'tis an Hebraism, where the Construction inverts that of the Latin and Greek? But this does not bring you off: for your Champion objects against *awkward Latin* (p. 24.) and I'll refer

refer it to any competent Judge, whether *Novum Testamentum versionis vulgatæ* sounds not as awkwardly, as *reddere unicuique, sicut opus est ejus*.

Ibid. He deals not honourably with his Partner Mr. John Walker, whom he allows half the Profit, and loads with almost all the Trouble; but reserves the whole Reputation to himself with an *Edidit Richardus Bentleius*. How little, Master, does this Gentleman consider, what an Honour it is to Mr. Walker to be the Corrector of your Press? It had been degrading your self to have placed his name in the same line with yours. But I wish you had desired him to have cleansed your Specimen!

Pag. 7. *Library-keepers abroad have more Humanity, and less Envy, than some I could name at home.* This, Master, is severe, a *Repartee* (as your Champion, p. 15. cunningly observes) borrow'd from *Phalaris*. It alludes also to a certain troublesome Animal in a Manger. Your Champion talks of an Omen and unlucky Goods pilfer'd. But the Librarian and his *singularis humanitas* are safe enough; for none will rob him of his infected Goods and contagious Qualities.

Pag. 14. *A Piece of Grimace.* How oddly this is applied to you, who have such a sweet and unclouded Countenance!

Pag. 15. *Long before he dreamt of publishing a New Testament of his own.* Pray, Master, is not this a mistake in Chronology? Did not you dream of something of the New Testament, when being but twenty-four years of age (as your Champion informs us, p. 35.) you had stuffed two Quarto Volumes with your Annotations upon the Old? How long will you envy the World these voluminous Lucubrations? 'Tis but half the *Magna Charta*, if you don't give the Church an Old as well as a New Testament of your own making.

Pag. 16. *His whole Life spent in Critical Niceties and Observations on Classical Authors.* False Chronology again; but 'tis none of his fault: for who (but such a near Friend as your Champion) knew of your Theological Labours at four and twenty?

Ibid. Lest he should mangle and alter the sacred Writers, as he has done the profane, agreeable to his own Taste and Judgment, without regard to the Authority of Manuscripts. And what needs a Wonder at this? When you your self, Master, have already forewarned us in your Proposals you'll do so; and that you'll offer those changes separate in your Prolegomena. In short, I can't very well digest this. We Protestants don't relish an *Index Expurgatorius*; it smells of rank Popery.

Pag.

Pag. 17. *Singing his Exegi monumentum at the wrong end of his Work.* I know, Master, a scrap of the same *Horace* would suit you as well; *Quæsitam meritis fume superbiæ.*

Ibid. *All the Languages he is Master of.* Here he wrongs you, if you are Master of *Hebrew*.

Ibid. *Like Pilate.* Wrong again, Master; for *Pilate* was forced by the clamour of the *Jews* to what he did. None, that I know, has forced you to this work. But 'tis not absolutely necessary, that a similitude should hold in every circumstance.

Pag. 18. *Charter and Magna Charta may signifie nothing more than his small and great Paper.* Why would you, Master, debase such consecrated work with small paper? Are not five Guineas better than three? Mere Generosity, Modesty, and Compliance with the Purises of your poorer readers; who ought to have a Testament as well as the rich. And yet this censorious Man in his Remarks on the 7th and 8th Paragraphs accuses you of selfish Views and Motives, *Regard to Gain and filthy Lucre.* What does he mean, Master? Is the Service of the Christian World inconsistent with serving your self? Is it a Crime by Subscriptions to get as many Guineas as your Champion says you have expended (p. 15. one thousand) *Crowns*, not to possess Manuscripts, but to use them? Besides, you have been all along very generous; and put the College to as little Charges as might be. None but this unreasonable Man would quarrel with you for making a Purse to your self without any Expence to your Society.

I have done, Reverend Sir, with your Antagonist; whom I observe to be warm and angry, but very far from Scurrility. His Language is clean throughout; and his Arguments are no way amiss.

I shall now examine your Champion's Language; and premise something concerning his Title-page, and the compendious Subscription of his Name at the End.

He styles himself a Member of Trinity-College in Cambridge. By his Latin Motto's he seems some tall, lusty, raw-bone fellow, a gigantick *Hercules*, or else a *Thrafo*, bragging of Serpents slain by him in his cradle, and calling in for help to knock down an huge swelling hissing Snake he pretends to encounter. Pray, Master, is there such a *Pyrgopolinices* in your College? I know he means no other than your Antagonist by that Snake. Run for Heaven-sake to his assistance; the Snake else may prove too hard for him.

He

He addresseth himself to the *Honoured* some body at *London*; (a special favour not to name him, whose honour might blush at owning his acquaintance with one who cannot); and subscribeth *I. E.* (as I suppose) two Letters of his Name.

I must honestly and frankly tell you, Master, that every body I have yet met with, both Friends and Foes, affirm you to be that very Champion or Bully in Masquerade. A person well vers'd in *Porta's Art* of occult Cyphers has proved it by the very Letters *I. E.* the first Vowels of *Richard Bentley*. Another guess'd at you by that strutting Latin Frontispiece. A third very sagacious in discerning Styles, and well-versed in your *Horace*, and some others of your polemick critical writings, vows he read *Bentley* in almost every Word of that virulent witless Lampoon. Master, as I neither am, nor aspire to the Honour of being, acquainted with you; I pretend to be sure of nothing farther, than that this poultry Scribler, whoever he be, if he is not a very impudent Liar (see p. 39. of his Pamphlet) is an intimate familiar Friend of yours, whom you have trusted with your Studies, and such as you designed only for your private use. Take care, Master, *nocturnus ex socio*. However, without any offence to you, I never yet read, and desire any one to produce such a Dunghill of ill Language, so dully and nauseously heaped together, far beyond *Billinggate*, not to be endur'd in any civiliz'd Society, much less in that College, where your high Talents and singular Abilities, your meek Temper, exemplary Modesty and Humility, and all other Christian and Moral Virtues shine and distinguish you from the rest of Mankind. This bouncing modern *Hercules* is quite different from the old one; more likely to infect *Augeas's Stable* than to purge it; and if he resembles him in any thing, 'tis when he was raving mad on Mount *Oeta*. But after all the Rodomontade of this Spitter of Venom, fitter to live with Snakes than fight them; his very Snake, that formidable Animal, (p. 10.) dwindles into an Insect, a Worm, a Maggot; who in one day has blasted the highest Reputation acquired by repeated Proofs for the space of above thirty Years; and in a trice, himself without a Name, demolished that good Name, in which you confided and was so secure; in short, has so disabled you, that, had you nine lives, he could not keep you longer alive; and therefore is forced to be your Proxy, and make his Appearance for you. What, Master? *Exanimis Bona*? To die like an *Herod*, a proud insolent persecuting Tyrant? Like a nine-liv'd Cat? Could not this Degrader of your Merit, under

der a pretence of vindicating your Memory, find for you a more honourable Death, than your being infected with the Pestilence by a Maggot or Book-Vermin? A vile Wretch! *Nastiness* (and his Book stinketh with it) is the greatest source of Infection. Here's Mead (none of your worse Friends, Master) against your Proxy's Bradley. Rowze, Master; assert your own Cause, with some such Motto as, *Non defensoribus istis, &c.* Appear, O mighty Deliverer (p. 32.) of the Church and Churchmen from their panick, from Free-thinkers, Atheists and Scepticks: O industrious Compiler (p. 35.) of *Hexapla* at four and twenty: O first Preacher (p. 36.) of Mr. Boyle's Lecture, when only a Deacon; and Author of a Volume of Sermons translated abroad into several Languages, whose Style (p. 12.) is modest, telling the plain Fact, not assuming Merit to your self, but imputing it to a good Providence. But your Advocate has very skilfully saved you the trouble of making any Answer; for in the Close of his Book he provides you with a Dilemma, *If they do not put their Names to their Work, they shall have no Answer; and if they do, they will need none.* Such a Resolution is the best come off you have. There's great and deep Wisdom in it. Such a Thought can be no other's but your own; and this thieving Varlet filched it from you.

In the mean time let us see what Appearance your Proxy makes for you.

Pag. 9. This blundering Champion begins his Letter with nicknaming the Author of the Remarks. The Names he assigns him are *Legion, Suffenus, Zoilus, &c.* Why *Legion*, Master? because, forsooth, of that Party who names Richard Bentley without the Honour of his Degree, every one that was thought to have Conceitedness and Malice enough to write it, was suspected to be the Author. By *Legion*, no doubt but he alludes to the Man possessed with the Legion of Devils in the Gospel. Must every one, Reverend Sir, be strait called *Devils*, who refuses to honour you with Degrees, which your University allows you not? I appeal to all Readers, which has most of *Conceitedness* or *Malice*, he or the Author of the Remarks. He has a much better right to the Title of *Legion*, not because he needs fear any one will share with him the Glory of his Pamphlet; but because he is a Slanderer of his Brethren. You are a Grecian, Sir, and you know the Meaning of *Διαλογος*. As for *Suffenus, Zoilus, Margites, Timon*, you can't be so short-sighted as not to see in one very near you at Cambridge, in the scanda-

ious Publisher of this ridiculous Piece, the *Conceitedness* of a *Suffenus*, the ill-natur'd *Malice* of a *Zoilus* and *Timon*, and (bating some few *Criticisms*) the *Stupidity* of a *Margites*. Small Scraps of *Criticisms* can't denominate a Man a compleat *Scholar*. 'Tis a clean good true judicious Style. A mere peddling Critick may scribble upon an Author; 'tis the consummate Critick or Scholar alone, who can write like him. Blush not, bashful Master, if I make you not only a Judge, but an Example of this great Truth. In your *Horace*, your Notes indeed are acute and critical, *sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt &c.* but 'tis your grand elaborate Dedication shews the *Bentley*. O Master, the Latin native Simplicity and Propriety of your unaffected Prose! The numerous Turn, Exactness, and apt significant Words of your musical unbotch'd Verses! Neither Ancients nor Moderns ever could or would come near it. Now, Master, let's return to this Fellow. Can you relish his low punning Wit in the Word *Diane*, p. 16. l. 2. his Affectation of hawling in such vulgar and (not to say worse) ridiculous Proverbs, as, *if more the merrier*, p. 34. l. 32. or his halting, immelodious Parody of *α τ α*, p. 28. l. 13; which last (if I ben't mistaken) is not true Greek; I think *ταυτα* had been the more proper Word, and the Verse had not hobbled so much. Indeed *α* could not have come in; and he would not part with that beloved Emphasis. For he is an Emphatical *Modern Hero*, p. 28. l. 14, 15. This Man, unworthy as he is, seems to be of the lowest Class of your little (not in size) Criticks, by the frequent Threads of Quotations, which his Book is dawb'd with, like a greazy Coat with tawdry Lace. I own my self guilty of it in some Places of my Letter; but I could not touch Pitch without being defiled. I had been loath, sweet Sir, to have engaged my self in and waded thro' so much thick Mud as every Page of his opprobrious Answer is clogg'd with; were it not for some *aurum (æruo) in stercore*, some shining Encomiums upon you, some Anecdota concerning the private Studies of your *green Years* (p. 35.) on which, you had been angry, if I had not bestowed a particular Attention. I am credibly informed, Reverend Master, that your Advocate is a Clergyman, and under your Name has the chief and almost the sole Management of your great Design. If he be, is such a foul Mouth fit to deliver the Oracles of Heaven? Is a Talent of Railing and false Accusation fit for the Desk, Pulpit, or Altar? Are Unfaithfulness,

faithfulness, Negligence, ill Taste and wrong Judgment, which appear throughout this whole Pamphlet, Characters requisite for an Editor of the New Testament? If this Man be your chief Assistant, discharge him, lest he scare all your Subscribers.

This rude unmannerly Writer, who would fain shew some Wit at the Expence of the Reputation of his betters, has this ill luck attending him, that there are very few of those Characters, which he strives to fix upon your Adversary, but what are so peculiarly his own, as plainly to discover him, tho' he has concealed or disguised his right name. As Virtue is its own Reward; so Vice, and particularly this of Calumny, is its own Scourge: it being generally the hard but just Fate of bold-fac'd Calumniators; that, while they impotently attempt to expose others, they most effectually expose themselves. For I must assure him, (borrowing one of his Proverbs, never the less true, because he uses it, p. 15.) that *his silly Ironies, like the Fool's Bolt, recoil upon himself*. How pleas'd is he with the *old Heroes* (p. 9.) to whom he compares the Author of the Remarks? We may, Master, bring Heroes, some not so old, some much older, of the same Degree with your Man in the mighty Science of Scurrility. What think you of *Thersites's* Rhetorick in *Homer*, and of the pleasant jesting Wit of *Cæcilius* (Epigram. 42. lib. 2.) in *Martial*? To be serious; since he's your Acquaintance, advise him kindly to learn more Manners, and aim less at Wit, which is none of his Talent; *Non cuicumq; datum est*. Advise him not to cry out so loud against the Conscience of others (p. 10, 14, 35, 39, &c.) till he getteth a better; or any of his own; not to inveigh against *Rancour* and implacable *Malice* (p. 43.) and practise nothing else; not to call upon *Patience the Queen of Virtues* for *salutary Aid*, when none wanteth the help of that Virtue so much as his Readers, or his Fellow-Collegiates, who are yoked (p. 32.) *with such a Wretch*. He tells the Author of the Remarks of a *great Bishop's Patronage* (p. 14.) Pray, Master, tell him of another great Bishop, who made this shrewd Observation upon a certain forward young Man, that he might in time become a great Man, if God gave him the Grace of Humility. *Humility*, Master, is in my Opinion as great a Virtue as *Patience*. *St. Hierom* (whose Authority you can't question) calls Humility *prima Christianorum virtus*, in his Epistle to *Eustochium* concerning the Death of her Mother *Paula*.

It could accumulate out of the same Father many more Places to the same purpose, and not impertinently; but I am afraid of offending your Friend by running into common Place, p. 22. tho' there are, *just and modest Master* (p. 23.), such unjust and impudent Writers, who turn into Ridicule other Mens *common Places of scanty and beggarly*, p. 28. and at the same time are guilty of so much *Vanity and Pedantry* (p. 43.) as to exert all the poor Oratory they have in commending their own, p. 35.

How wonderful is his Invention in the various Names, Epithets, Dresses, and Characters, with which he defaces your poor Antagonist. None certainly can have Brains more fruitful in Poison and Malice. 'Tis a mere Sink.

Page 9. *Legion*, * *Suffenus*, * *Zoilus*, *Margites*, * *Timon*, p. 10. *Insect*, *Worm*, *Maggot*, *Book-vermin*, * *a Man*, who for many Years has daily acted a *Grimace*, prefacing *Knavery* with *Conscience*; never offering at downright *Nonsense*, without * *Eyes*, *Muscles* and *Shoulders* wrought into the most solemn Posture of *Gravity*, *crazy-headed*, *gnawing*, like a *Rat*; p. 11. a *Libeller* of the *Government*; * our *Censor* roars, bellows, and calleth the *Mob* together; the *Animal*, when he has outwarr'd all the *Lions* in *Libya*; he kindly shews us by his long ears that we were in no danger; p. 12. your own nonsense; p. 13. * *superficial ostentation of Learning* with profound *Ignorance* at the bottom; * *a Man* with a thick *Hide* and solid *Forehead*; p. 14. *ungrateful* to his *Patrons*, * *virulent*, *malignant*, *detestable*, and guilty of *Scandalum Magnatum*; p. 16. * he takes a *serious Air* and becoming *Sufficiency*; p. 17. * *Zoilus* with a *supercilious Air*; p. 18. *Censor* as sharp-sighted as any *Mole*; p. 20. giving a *dull* and * *false abstract* of *St. Hierom*, *conscientious Timon*; p. 21. * *mendax impudentissimus*, * *omniscious Timon*; p. 22. *casuistick Drudge* in the pious and polite *Volumes* of *Diana* and *Escobar*, * *hard-fac'd Timon*; p. 23. *Fog* and *Dulness*; p. 24. * *serviens magnus sacerdos*; * *rude Words*; * *Specimen* of the greatest *Malice* and *Impudence*, scribbler out of the dark; courteous *lunatick Timon*; * *Spleen* and *Envy*; *conscientious Director* of *Conscience*; p. 25. the *Wretch's* native *Stupidity*; p. 27. * *grinning Zoilus*; p. 28. * *snarling Censor* like a *Dog*; from his *drudging office* in the cloudy *casos* of *Escobar* and *Caramuel*; p. 29. *plodding Pupil* of *Escobar*; p. 30. * *Intellect* dark as his *Countenance*; *ignorant Thief*; p. 31. * *spightful Examiner*; our *Censor's* low *Talents* and *vicious Taste*; *pious Calumniator*; * *habitual Grimace*; p. 32. *repute* of *Craziness* and *Madness*; p. 33. * *swartby Timon's* substantial

stantial Stupidity; p. 34. a Fool or a * Knave; Dulness leaven'd with Malice; p. 35. old Conscience; a good Affidavit Man; so ungenerous as to baulk his friend Coniers, and leave him under peril of the Pillory; * Misanthrope; p. 36. * Venom of such Vermin, as our Timon, whose Life and Studies have been spent in libelling and defaming; English Casuist; Stupour and Insensibility, beyond any of the famous Tom. Coryat; p. 37. Escobar, * English-cabbage head, believing himself a profound Theologus; zealous and orthodox Timon, aiming at an * awkward Ridicule; a Fool affecting and labouring to be witty; p. 38. our Censor's ignorant and silly Cavil; falling into raving Fits—wild Reveries— influence of the Moon— sudden Extravagance— * most tenacious and sordid Avarice—renews the memory of old Rashleigh; p. 39. * personal Spleen and Envy, and a conscientious Profession of the contrary; mad at the great Encouragement your Proposals met from the best Quality, he raged, storm'd, took his deadly Pen in hand; —a dark room—fraternum odium— * he had now and then some squabble in the College to keep up his Spirits; p. 40. * smiling horrible, like Satan in Milton; extending his wide Faws with an agreeable Yawn; p. 42. * nauseous taste of Arrogance and Pedantry; supercilious Pedant; Escobar our nice splitter of Cases, crazy Adversary; p. 43. Mountebank, &c.

Here's Rhetorick, Master, and critical Learning: here's (no beggarly and scanty, p. 28.) common place of virulent Contumely. Did you ever (p. 43.) see such Rancour, such implacable Malice, such haughty Sufficiency, accompanied with such gross Stupidity? is not every Page, almost every Line besmeared with the foulest Calumny? Besides his unworthy Treatment of Dr. Mills (p. 18, 33, 34, 41.) and his Edition: and his inhuman personal Reflections (never to be allowed in dispute, and ever the sign of a bad Cause) upon a Gentleman and his Brother (p. 39.) without any sufficient just provocation, or base language given in the Remarks either to your Defender or you, unless you'll interpret, as ill language, his not giving you (p. 8.) the honour of your Degree, which the University has stript you of? Sure your Modesty can't resent that. But methinks, Master, that if you would look into your Champion's Glass, and survey nicely and minutely every dismal Feature and horrid Lineament, which he has with his black pencil steep in Soot, drawn for your Adversary's Picture; you might discover some body else in your College of your very near Acquaintance, whom such dirty base colours fit much more exactly; and to whom I

would

would say, *mutato nomine, de te*. You may, at your leisure, look upon the Stars I have fixt here and there in your Defender's ugly List of the most odious Calumnies; which does but the more blacken your Cause; unless you publicly disavow such Scoundril's (a word used by your Friend, p. 14.) conversation and intimacy.

Every body found out immediately, whom your sawcy blunt Second aims at, by his stupid impertinent Reflections upon the casuistical Lecture: a sort of Learning, which, however your critical Genius may despise, because it knows nothing of it, yet might claim somewhat of respect from your Fellow, were there no other reason for it, but that your University has honour'd it with a Chair, not despicably or meanly endow'd. But then what will he say for himself, what pitiful *Appearance* will he make, with what stock of Forehead and scornful Countenance can he brazen it out, if Dr. Colebatch be not the right Man, and he has all this while laid about him in the dark, puffing his stinking breath against a Person never in the least concerned in this Quarrel?

Are you content to be his Voucher, when he shall affirm he heard you call the Remarks *Colebatch's Libel*? Better 'tis for you, Master, if you can, to disentangle your self, and keep at a distance from such contagious Company.

Two thirds at least of his Pamphlet are downright Scurrility, and tho' he has reprinted your Proposals and Specimen, the ignorant Wretch has not *Talents proper* to correct all the Faults of your primitive Edition.

What few things remain, which will admit the touching, without fouling ones fingers, I am willing, Master, with your patience (*tho' 'tis*, not so dry, as dirty work for a Letter, p. 41.) to examine briefly.

Page 11. Your filthy Stentor falls upon the Remarks, for accusing you of *destroying the Authority of all our publish'd Scriptures*. And don't you, Master, call all our Copies *interpolated*? Is this establishing or diminishing their Authority? I desire but a plain direct Answer without shuffling or prevaricating. I shall not at present enter into the Justification of the several famous Editors of the New Testament. Your Man calls it *vulgar Stuff*, p. 13. when any one is commended besides your self. Those Editors were great Men; and Robert Stephens, whom your insignificant Scribbler flouteth at under the name of a *meer Printer* (p. 12.) understood the learned Languages and a good Style, as well as you; and comes no way

way behind you either in the politeness or number of his Works, whether sacred or profane.

Pag. 18. This Trumpeter of your Praises says you'll *shew that there was no such Version as the pretended Italick*, (how long shall we wait till you make that good?) and will vindicate St. Hierom's Honour. None falls out with you about it; we only wish you'd learn to trust your Memory less, and quote his words more exactly.

Pag. 21. The place of St. Hierom brought by your Advocate can be but of little service to you. *Singuli sermones, syllabæ, apices, puncta in divinis scripturis plena sunt sensibus: magis volumus in compositione structurâq; verborum quam intelligentiâ periclitari.* Thence your Champion would infer that the Author of the Remarks lyes, when he says he could *shew from twenty places in St. Hierom that he never in the least dreamt of confining himself to the order of words in any of his Versions.* Here's Logick, Master. St. Hierom here in one place writes that he is more solicitous about the meaning than the composition or structure of words; therefore it can't be shew'd from twenty places in St. Hierom that he never in the least, &c. A little more still of his Logick. Every word, syllable, tittle, and point are full of senses: Therefore every order of words is full of mystery. Because *senses* is as strong an expression as *mystery*: and *syllables, tittles, points* are as small things as, and cannot subsist without, the order of words. Thus argues your profound Disputant. To whom I reply that *First, Senses or signification* (for *intelligentiâ* in St. Hierom answers to *sensibus*) is a more general and less strict expression than *mystery*; and therefore not so strong a one.

Secondly, Syllables, tittles, points are of greater consequence than the bare order of words, and can subsist without it. Because altering a syllable, a tittle, a point is apter to hurt the sense, than altering the order; and the order may be altered, and the same syllables, tittles, and points may subsist under the same signification.

Thirdly, For him to make senses to be the same with deep, latent, recondite senses, is to confound a general word with a particular one; since senses comprehendeth under it, not only a recondite sense or a mystery; but also a plain sense, not mysterious, but obvious to human understanding.

Pag. 22. St. Hilary in his *Commentary on the Psalms* (says your Apologist) writeth, that while all the Interpreters dared not to change the collation and order of words, they frequently expressed that obscurely, which in the Original was clear: Therefore (p. 21.) the Author of the Remarks is a Liar, by saying, that no one Writer he has ever yet heard of has ever affirmed that the order of words in the New Testament is mysterious. Here's consequence. Again this fine Arguer says, that they (the Interpreters) dared not to change the order, even to the detriment of the sense. St. Hilary's words are, *laboriosius, obscurius, minus dilucide*, by which can't be meant the detriment of or hurting the sense. This is perverting the Fathers instead of interpreting them. The sense may be less plain, more obscure and difficult, but still the same.

Pag. 24, 25. If (as your Man granteth) a Translator is forc'd to use an equivalent expression (which he says is no breach of order) to avoid a Barbarism or awkward Latin; and 'tis necessary for him to add words, that he may conform himself to use and custom among the Latins; how came you, Master, in your Latin Specimen to use a greater politeness of Latin, in three places, than in many others, whose Latinity remaineth still unpolished, and as awkward as some of those three? Why, when there is the same reason, do you stick to the order more in some than in the others? Again, if you excuse your change of order sometimes, as being of no great consideration; this rule is so large, that I will be bound (by the liberty it gives me together with the forementioned necessity of following the use and custom among the best Latin Authors) to change the order of words in every Verse of your Latin Specimen, and prove that the change is of no great consideration. Therefore, Master, the next time you have any leisure, give us a Dissertation with fixt bounds and restrictions, when to keep, and when to change the order of words.

Pag. 27. What our Master (saith your Advocate) writeth, more ancient Manuscripts a comparative, ancients, antiquiores; our Censor understood more in number, plures antiqui codices. A thing false, and worthy only of him. Why did not you, Master, avoid such an Amphibology? Is not *ancienter* as musical and elegant as *more ancient*? Why did you lay such a trap for your poor readers? A thing very unfair, and only worthy of you. When a Writer uses a word capable of two significations without a restriction, the Reader is not ignorant, if he takes it in

in either which he likes best; let the one be more accurate, and the other will be less liable to mistake.

Page 29. Your Second's Objection against your Censor, that *he did not know that Adamantius was Origen*, is very false and malicious, as appears from the Remarks, p. 13. 14. And therefore your Friend's *Scent*, thinking as it is, is none of the quickest, when he *hunted* for what was not there.

Upon the whole examination of the Quotations concerning *Origen*, I find that his Authority was sometimes followed, sometimes not; and therefore not always the *Standard*: which is just what the Remarks mean.

Page 32. The very singular Compliment your Defender pays you at the Clergy's expence, deserves indeed your singular Thanks. But, Master, did you expect a Bishoprick for that piece of service against the *Free-thinkers*? And yet these ungrateful *Theologues* reward you no better than by degrading you, and prosecuting you for vile mismanagement of the Affairs and Revenues of your College, &c. Revenge is sweet, and now you'll be even with them by a piece of Service for those poor undeserving injur'd *Free-thinkers*. This Edition of a New Testament will cancel, or at least diminish, and shake the Authority of all the former *interpolated* ones used hitherto by all Christian Churches. If you, but a single person, may from new-found Manuscripts impose upon us a new Text, is it impossible, that another after you, and still another after him, and so to the end of the world, upon as good a stock of self-opinion as you may, from not yet found Manuscripts equally ancient or ancienter, produce from time to time several new and unheard of Testaments? Then, Master, where is the so much boasted Canon? Where and when shall we have it? or must we never have one? We must then by an unavoidable consequence, either with the Papists resolve every thing into the sole supreme Authority of the Church, or else with the *Free-thinkers* submit the Text of Scripture to the common standing Rules, by which other Writings are tried, and expose them to the same Fate. And because the generality of Mankind is prone to Liberty than Slavery, most people will very likely turn *Free-thinkers*. A great piece of Service indeed you'll do them, for which they'll subscribe largely to your Book: so all your great Services will end happily in the greatest (and as some will have it, most intended) to your self. But, Master, in the chain of these Deductions I

find an unlucky flaw; which may quite spoil the great Value you set upon your Work. Since we may suppose it not impossible, but that in the next Age another *Bentley* (for no more than one *Phoenix* in one Age) should rise with the same Talents and better Materials by *God's Providence*, and publish a New Testament different from yours, and yet supported by venerable Manuscripts, what will become then of your consecrated Work, your *ισαει*, *αευηδισον*, *αρημα*, *Charter*, *Magna Charta*? Alas! 'twill be buried and laid aside, as our present interpolated Copies, and at last be (for ought we know) *extinguished with all the ancient Manuscripts*. Your friend, when he reprinted your Proposals, had better have left out the *ισαει* and that swelling Prediction, *to last when all the ancient MSS. here quoted may be lost and extinguished*, lest your great Name, Size and Abilities (p. 35. l. 4.) should suffer in after-ages under the character of a *false Prophet*.

Page 35. Your Friend does not prove, that you understand all the Versions you make use of: But if you understand any one of them, your Censor's Remark was a little too universal.

Pag. 36, 37. This Answer falls foul upon a passage in the Title-page of the Remarks, taken from the Dutch Orator, and calls the Author of them *English cabbage-head*, because he did not read his meaning backward, and find out the *Rector Magnificus's Irony and Jeer*. How is he sure he did not find it out? Might he not be appriz'd of his *Lucianick* manner of writing; and yet use in earnest those words which Mr. *Burman* intended for jest? *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* Now, Master, put the case the *cabbage-headed Censor* would allow himself to be scurrilous in his turn, and call your friend *Loggerhead*: let your *acumen criticum* decide which is the properest word of the two; I fancy the last will be more generally understood, and fit as well. For fear of any mistake, Dear Master, I must acquaint you, that the passages quoted in the front of my Letter out of your Champion's Answer, are meant in the very same sense, and in as good earnest as he meant them. I'll appeal to all Readers, whether they are not more justly applied to your friend than he applied them to the Author of the Remarks. I have indeed changed two words, that the Application might be more just.

Page 37. Your Answerer is very unreasonable in his fine bright Critick on *Timon's* dullness, being sunk below its natural Depression, because zealous and orthodox *Timon* was mute, where he should have been loudest. Give me your Opinion, Master. If your Advocate is in earnest, and you really afforded plausible Topicks for suspicion of your not being orthodox, and your Censor laid not hold of them; why is he reviled for it? unless he was over merciful in not pronouncing you Heterodox upon what he thought a mere suspicion. If he be but in jest, and only diverts himself like your Rector *Magnificus*; and thinks you afforded no ground for Reflection; why is the Author of the Remarks called *dull*, because he found none? Hard Measure. I can't find that that Author has laid many things of moment to your Charge, but what he has endeavour'd to prove. I could retort upon your Friend the three last lines of p. 37. but I choose rather to insist upon the plausible Topicks mention'd by your Friend; who since he has started some Sport, why, *Magister Magnifice*, should we not follow his Scent? and if we find it good, I heartily beg his Pardon for calling it in question before in my Notes on p. 29.

1. *Emendations and mere Conjectures, not supported by any Copies now extant.* Is not this a plausible Topick to conclude you'll serve the New Testament just as you have done *Horace*? Will not your zealous Theologues cry out aloud, that you warp from Orthodoxy, and lean to *Free-thinking*? or will not a zealous Protestant fear (as I noted before, p. 8. l. ult.) *Poper*y, and an *Index Expurgatorius*? choose either: no great odds between them.

2. *Of no Sect or Party.* I will not pass so severe an Interpretation as a very ingenious Man made, viz. of no Religion, or no Christian. I know you pretend to serve the whole Christian Name. But yet a Neutrality in these times of Dispute is almost impracticable, if justifiable; and this is another plausible Topick, which plainly leads us to the third.

3. *No regard to any disputed Points.* How will you act this indolent indifferency, when you come (for example) to the Text of the three Witnesses? 'Tis one of the most disputed Points now of any: and you must be for the affirmative or negative. No medium; and therefore of some Sect or Party. This is a third plausible Topick. And I think in this your Friend's Nose had not an ill scent.

Page 40. Your Champion here pretending wearisomeness or compassion, promiseth to let your Adversary go off (*quanquam est scelestus*) without any farther drubbing: but soon relapseth into cruel fits; he can't forbear the cudgel, and continues to lay on his dry blows to the very end of his railing mad Pamphlet.

This is, Master, more than enough to convince a Man of your great apprehension, that your Friend's Talents are inimitable. My Letter to you is not so long, as his to his honour'd London-correspondent; but hath kept the bounds of Decency due to your Merits and Person. I have not been able to abstain from Invectives against your Friend, tho' he deserves no other return to his stupid Lampoon, but pity for his Dullness, and the utmost contempt for his foul Language and matchless Pride and Impudence.

London, Jan. 25.

Yours,

1710-21.

PHILAE THES.



POST

P O S T S C R I P T.

M A S T E R, after the finishing of this, I read an Advertisement just publish'd, by which I learn that Dr. *Conyers Middleton*, not Dr. *John Colebatch*, is the Author of the Remarks, and that one *R. B.* is the Author of the Answer, (to which if you'll add the Letters subscribed to that Libel, they will make *Ri. Be.*) and that the same *R. B.* certainly knew, or might have known, who was the true Author of the Remarks. This discovery sets *Ri. Be.* and his villanous, impudent, lying, wilful Libel in such a light, that all good and learned Men must detest and shun him like a Pest of human Society: and that his malicious Reflection on Dr. *Middleton* and Dr. *Colebatch* (p. 35. l. 10.) may with much more justice be applied to him, viz. *Peril of the Pillory*, with the infamous name of *Affidavit-man*, and his defamatory Lampoon on the top. Lest therefore such vile practices, as they have a great tendency, so should at last bring him to such an open shameful punishment; and who knows whether he is provided with a Forehead able to stand it? therefore, good Master, advise him, as you are his Friend and Governor, seriously to repent, to ask pardon of God and the Gentleman whom he has wrongfully abus'd; and instead of *Horace's Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam*, let him learn of St. *James* (if you think it not interpolated) that *God resisteth the proud, but gives grace to the humble.*

F I N I S.



